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THE DAREDEVILS

JUNE
No 6



MARVEL
SUPER-HEROES

**NIGHTRAVEN
IS BACK!**

**CAPTAIN BRITAIN:
JUDGEMENT DAY!**

**SF STRIP
4D WAR!**

**DAREDEVIL:
ARMS OF THE
OCTOPUS**

**LITTLE RED
COMIC-BOOKS**

**WOMEN IN THE
COMICS INDUSTRY!**



• COMIC STRIPS • NEWS • FEATURES •

NEWS • COMIC STRIPS • NEWS • FEATURES • VIEW

OFFICIAL ANNIVERSARY VOLUME

By arrangement with the British Broadcasting Corporation.



By
Mark Harris

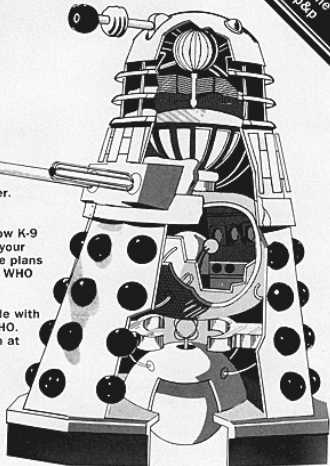
Introduction by John Nathan-Turner.

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- * BBC's DOCTOR WHO celebration at Longleat on 3rd and 4th April.
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THE DAREDEVILS

Hello everybody!

11 pages of Captain Britain for you this month! . . . I can hear the shouts of joy from where I'm sitting.

You have to give special thanks to Alan Davis and Alan Moore who have extended their work for you with no added cost to the already over-taxed *DD* budget - true heroes! Thankyou, the Alans.

We're getting more replies to the *Readers Survey* in issue 4 than I ever dreamed possible. It's great reading them and I can hardly wait to give them a proper sort out. Expect a report quite soon.

Marvel Britain is having a work-in at the Westminster Hall Comic Mart on June 4th starting at 1pm. Everybody is invited - Find the full address on the letters page.

In the meantime, have yourselves a good read and a good month.

Ed.



CAPTAIN BRITAIN P4

SEXISM IN COMICS P15

LETTERS P18

CHINESE COMICS P20

FANZINE REVIEWS P22

NIGHT RAVEN
TEXT STORY P24

COLOUR POSTER P28

EARLY ARTWORK P31

DAREDEVIL P32

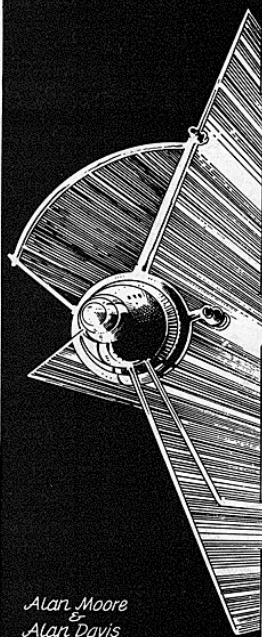
4-D WAR P49

COMIC MART P53

COVER

Design:
Floron Florenzo

Illustration: Miller and Rubenstein



THEY CAME AT NIGHT, THEY
WERE NOT HUMAN AND THEY
TOOK HIM EASILY.

THEY TOOK HIM FROM THE WORLD HE
HAD SO RECENTLY RE-ACQUIRED AND
TRANSPORTED HIM THROUGH SPACE
THAT IS NOT SPACE...

THUNT?

...TOWARDS AN EARTH THAT
IS NOT EARTH...

... TO SAVE A WOMAN THAT
HE WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE
TO KILL.

OUCH.

Alan Moore
&
Alan Davis
CO-CREATORS
Steve Craddock
LETTERER
Bernie Jaye
EDITOR



HE'S MAD AS HELL AND
HE ISN'T GOING TO TAKE
IT ANYMORE.

**CAPTAIN
BRITAIN**

JUDGEMENT DAY









MMMM.
THAT'S CALLED
'UNIVERSE LAG'.

IT AFFECTS ALL OF
US SOONER OR LATER.
YOU'LL ADJUST.

AHH... HERE ARE
OUR DIMENSIONAL-
DEVELOPMENT-COURT-
APPROVED
CHAPERONES.

THEY'LL
ESCORT US TO
SATURNYNE.

CAPTAIN BRITAIN...
ALLOW ME TO INTRO-
DUCE CAPTAIN ENGLAND
OF THIS EARTH...

...AND CAPTAIN
ALBION, TEMPORARILY
ON LOAN FROM THE
EARTH NEXT DOOR.

UH, PERHAPS
I SHOULD
EXPLAIN THAT...

WARDOG...

HOW DO.

I' FAITH,
'TIS WELL MET,
SIRRAH.

...TELL
ME ABOUT
IT LATER.

INTERLUDE:
ANOTHER UNIVERSE, ANOTHER
PLANET CALLED EARTH...

CALL IT THE
TWISTED WORLD...

A PLACE WHERE REALITY HAS BROKEN
DOWN INTO A SLUDGE OF RUBBING
NIGHTMARE. ONLY ONE OF ITS COUNT-
LESS INHABITANTS IS STILL SANE...

...AND THAT ONE IS NOT HUMAN. IT IS
CALLED THE FURY, HALF ANIMAL, HALF
AUTOMATON. IT KILLS SUPERHEROES.

IT WAS ENTRUSTED WITH
THE KILLING OF CAPTAIN
BRITAIN...

IT IS STARTING TO SUSPECT THAT IT HAS
FAILED. CERTAINLY, NO TRACE OF ITS PREY
REMAINS IN THIS UNIVERSE. BUT WHAT
IF HE STILL SURVIVES ON SOME OTHER
PLANE?

WHY, THEN IT MUST FOLLOW HIM. THAT
IS ITS PROGRAMME. WITHIN ITS BODY,
CIRCUITS RE-ALIGN AND CELLS BLOSS-
OM INTO NEW ORGANS. IT IS PRE-
PARING ITSELF FOR A JOURNEY...

IT NEVER GIVES UP.







THE SUPREME OMNI-
VERSAL TRIBUNE IS NOW
IN SESSION. WILL THE
ASSEMBLY PLEASE
RISE ...

... HIS WHYNNESS
LORD MANDRAGON
PRESIDING.

HIS WHYNNESS?
DOES THAT MEAN ... ?

THAT'S RIGHT,
CAPTAIN. HE'S SATUR-
NYNE'S SUCCESSOR TO
THE IMPERIAL THRONE
IF SHE'S DEPOSED.

HE ALSO HAPPENS
TO BE THE JUDGE AT
HER TRIAL. YOU SEE
OUR PROBLEM ?





SILENCE IN THE TRIBUNE.

GENTLEMEN, LADIES AND HONOURED BI-MORPHS... BEFORE WE PROCEED WITH THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PRISONER, THERE IS A MORE PRESSING MATTER TO BE DEALT WITH...

NAMELY, THE FATE OF THE ALTERNATE EARTH WHICH SHE, THROUGH NEGLIGENCE, LET SLIDE INTO CHAOS.

MY SCIENTIFIC ADVISORS HAVE INFORMED ME THAT THE BREAKDOWN OF REALITY WHICH AFFLICTS IT IS RAPIDLY SPREADING TO OTHER WORLDS IN ITS CONTINUUM.

SOON, THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WHICH THAT LUCKLESS EARTH RESIDES IN WILL BE CONTAMINATED, UNCHECKED, THE BLAZE MAY SPREAD TO OTHER UNIVERSES.



AS YOU KNOW, IT IS WITHIN MY POWER IN CERTAIN EXTREME CIRCUMSTANCES TO HAVE A GIVEN UNIVERSE 'REMOVED' SHOULD ITS EXISTENCE THREATEN THE OMNIVERSE...

THUS IT IS WITH HEAVY HEART THAT I...

OBJECTION, YOUR WHITNESS!



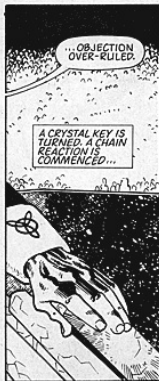
THE UNIVERSE IN QUESTION MAY BE THE ONLY SOURCE OF MATERIAL EVIDENCE WITH WHICH TO ESTABLISH MY CLIENT'S INNOCENCE. SHOULD IT BE DESTROYED...

DESTROY AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE? ARE YOU PEOPLE INSANE?



ORDER! THE DEFENCE WITNESS WILL REMAIN SILENT OR WILL BE REMOVED FROM THIS TRIBUNE!

AS FOR YOUR OBJECTION, LORD CHANCELLOR, I REFER YOU TO CLAUSE 723-801-(d) OF THE OMNIVERSEAL WRIT. IN SHORT, MY LORD...



...OBJECTION OVER-RULED.

A CRYSTAL KEY IS TURNED, A CHAIN REACTION'S COMMENCED...

... AND A STRICKEN UNIVERSE IS
PLACED FOREVER BEYOND SUFFERING.

YOUR WHYMESS... I CANNOT
BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE COM-
MITED THIS ACT! AN ENTIRE
UNIVERSE... ALL THOSE COUNT-
LESS LIFE-FORMS OBLITERATED
IN A SINGLE INSTANT...



THEIR DEMISE WOULD HAVE
BEEN FAR MORE HORRIBLE AND
PROLONGED HAD THE REALITY-
CANCER BEEN ALLOWED TO
SPREAD. NO, MY LORD, WORRY
NOT ABOUT THOSE THAT HAVE
PERISHED...

"... SIMPLY BE GLAD THAT
NONE OF THEM ESCAPED."



IT FLOATS THROUGH
SPACE THAT IS NOT SPACE.
IT SEEKS A MAN THAT IT
HAS ALREADY KILLED.



IT NEVER
GIVES UP.

INVISIBLE GIRLS and PHANTOM LADIES

FEATURE by ALAN MOORE

Despite my reputation as bringer of smiles and sunshine, it occurs to me that the preceding two installments of this look at the role of women in comics have been about as cheery and optimistic as the results of the last General Election. So, to end on a high note, I thought that this time round we'd have a look at something a bit more positive: namely, the growing prominence of women actually working within the medium and what effect this is likely to have upon the way in which women are treated in the comics themselves.

Anybody at all familiar with comics over the last fifteen, twenty years or so will have noticed that up until recently there have been practically no women working in comics as artists or writers. With the exception of the excellent Marie Severin's quirky and highly individual work on *Dr Strange* and *The Submariner*, most women are relegated to the position of either letterer or colourist.

Now, both of these professions are highly honourable ones and require a great deal of skill to execute properly. As an example, I could cite the terrific colouring job that *Glynis Wein* did on both *The X-Men* and *Like I say*, both lettering and colouring are tricky and highly intricate jobs and there are lots of women around doing them very well indeed. But that's not the point.

The point is that all this starts to smack a little of the notion of 'A woman's place', the idea that women are just naturally more suited for 'pretty' work like colouring or fancy lettering.

"Loise Jones, for example is currently producing some of the most popular comics that Marvel have on their stands."

Just the same as the notion that women are 'naturally' more suited for the feminine tasks such as ironing, dusting and cooking has been exploded by the events of the last ten years, so too are we gradually seeing the elevation of women to more 'responsible' positions within the comics field. But it's a painfully slow process.

While I know of several women editors working within the field and at least one woman writer, as yet I am unaware of any woman artist working full-time within mainstream comics. Now, why should that be?

I suppose that the most obvious answer is that none of these dizzy dames can draw, although even a quick look at some of the artwork currently being done by women outside the comics mainstream shows pretty definitely that this is not the case.



POWER MAN WRITER: JO DUFFY

I'll be talking about these women later on in this piece, but just for the moment I want to stick with what's going on in the comics mainstream, starting with women as editors.

We've seen a few of these emerging over the last few years, and, generally, they've been pretty good at what they do. Louise Jones, for example, is currently producing some of the most popular comics that Marvel have on their stands, titles like *The X-Men* and *Ka-Zar*.

Over at DC, Laurie Sutton is doing a fine editing job on the *Levitz/Giffen Legion of Super Heroes*, for my money the most entertaining comic that DC have out at the moment.

Reportedly, Ms Sutton has said that her job is minimal and that basically she just lets *Levitz* and *Giffen* do what the hell they like. I tend to think that this is a little self-deprecating, as the fact that an editor knows when *not* to interfere does not mean that he or she is not doing their job properly. Quite the reverse. The finished product is all that an editor can be judged on, and by that standard Laurie Sutton is doing just fine.

Her, and Louise Jones and DC supreme Jeanette Kahn, are doing every bit as well as a man would do in their position, maybe a little better in some instances.

But that's all they are doing. From where I'm standing, it doesn't look as if the fact of women at the editorial helm has made a great deal of difference to the basically male-orientated stuff that actually fills the pages, and perhaps it's naive of me to expect that it would do.

After all, the above-mentioned women are still working within a predominantly masculine world and all of them are presumably answerable to the man above them.

Even Jeanette Kahn, who, while she may be at the top of the tree as far as DC goes, still has the massive weight of Warner Communications hanging above her.



Over at Marvel, where I gather that the Editor-in-Chief does have significantly more freedom from the parent company, the said editor is *Jim Shooter*, and *Jim Shooter* is a man. Possibly even two men standing on each other's shoulders.

The point I'm trying to make in my own endearingly clumsy fashion is that women in comics, even women editors and publishers, probably don't get very many chances to make their presence felt in terms of the comic's attitude to women.

I think that it's going to take some massive structural upheavals for that to ever be achieved, and I think that the upheaval is more likely to come from below, from the readers and from the people actually working in a creative capacity on the comic books under discussion.

If, for example, a woman writer was able to make subtle progressions in this area, and if those progressions were met with increasing sales, maybe due to the fact that more girls and women would be buying the comic as a consequence, then I could see the people in charge maybe giving some thought to the issue. Until then, I'm not going to be holding my breath.

For one thing, there aren't that many women writers. There's *Tamsyn O'Flynn* who did some better-than-average stuff on *Lois Lane*. There's *Laurie Sutton* who, before her switch to editorial duties was producing some whimsical and very readable material on the short-lived *Adam Strange* strip for DC and there's *Mary Jo Duffy*, probably the most accomplished of the three in terms of actual writing.

For those of you not in the know, *Ms Duffy* was until recently handling the writing on *Marvel's Power Man* and *Iron Fist* title, and was responsible for some of the only issue during the entire run of that title that I've found even remotely interesting.

Her plots were intriguing, her characters nicely delineated and above all there was a sense of lightness and humour in her writing that came as a breath of fresh air after a stream of writers who seemed intent on

DiDi Glitz in MIX & MATCH



From *After Shock: Bulletins From Ground Zero No 1*, published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies.



From *Up In The Air With The Bunch In The Bunch's Power Pak comic No 2* published by Kitchen Sink Comics.



From *Mrs Weber's Diary* by Patsy Simmonds published by Fontana Collins.



portraying *Power Man* as a Type 'B' comic-book negro: Mean, stupid, jive-talking and socially deprived.

For me, the best thing about her tenure as scriptwriter was that *Luke Cage* is one of Marvel's most aggressively masculine characters and that under her handling we were able to witness some gentle fun being poked at those attitudes. Sure, it wasn't anything earth-shattering but it was a step in the right direction.

You'll notice I say "was". *Mary Jo Duffy* has recently either given up or been taken off the book in favour of *Denny O'Neil*. Why this should be I have no idea, but so much for women writers in comics, eh?

So what does that leave us? Well, rather a lot, actually, once we step outside the confines of the world of mainstream comics and take a look at what else is being done.

The 'Alternative' comics field has been chugging along now for many years in one form or another, but for the purposes of this

discussion we'll assume that it really kicked into first gear with the Underground comics movement during the mid-sixties.

Now, in those early days, the underground comics scene, while radically different to what the major companies are doing at the time, was still a field largely dominated by men. This showed in the finished product.

Whatever their other merits, I doubt anyone would hold up any of *S. Clay Wilson's* panoramas of abused and dismembered women as a blow for feminism. Around the

early seventies, however, that started to change.

Firstly, there were an increasing number of women becoming involved as writer/artists in the production of underground comics themselves. Women like *Trina Robbins*, *Shary Flenniken* and *Harvey Kurtzman's* daughter *Meredith Kurtzman*.

Comics produced entirely by women began to appear, ranging from the fairly political *Wimmen's Comics* through to the more open *Wet Satin* and *Twisted Sisters*.

Poor though some of those early efforts are in retrospect, they've opened up a lot of doors and at the present time there seem to be almost as many women working in the undergrounds as men.

There's *Melinda Gebbie*, who uses her very delicate stippling technique to depict some of the most unnerving and violent psycho-sexual visions one is likely to come across anywhere. There's *Diane Noomin*, who through her main character, the neurotic and tasteless *Di Di Giltz*, has explored the American wasteland of suburbia and singles' bars to devastating comic effect.

There's the dreamy surrealism of *Mary K. Brown*, the stinging urban observation of *Mimi Pond*, and, in my opinion the best of the bunch, the liberal serving of slapstick and self-hatred served up in the comic work of *Aline Kominsky*.

Aline Kominsky is the wife of funnybook legend *Robert Crumb*, although a style more different to *Crumb's* polished and rubbery cartooning would be difficult to conceive.

Kominsky's work is incredibly murky and crude-looking, but somehow she gets a sense of expression into it that would be lost if she were a more accomplished artist.

Her portrayal of characters and situations is both savage and acute, and she seems to reserve all of her most vicious observations for herself. She portrays herself as a blimp-like hook-nosed acne-sufferer and takes great delight in exaggerating all the negative sides of her character until we are left with a portrait of a vulgar, aggressive and loud-mouthed Jewess known as *The Bunch*.

You don't come across many people who are prepared to be so unapologetically honest about themselves and when you do it's a real treat, believe me. I'm sure that part of the appeal is the vast sense of relief that she's not turning her nasty and satirical gaze upon you, the reader.

"Ground-level comics are just about sex-free enough to appear on the newsstands without censure and enjoy the benefits of not being answerable to a higher authority."

But of course, as with most of the women mentioned above, there's about as much chance of her finding work in the comic's mainstream as there is of me winning next year's Miss World contest.

This is less the case with the second category of alternative publishing, what has been termed the 'ground-level' comic. Ground-Level comics are just about sex-

free enough to appear on the newsstands without censure, and enjoy the benefits of not being answerable to a higher authority.

The term was coined with the emergence of *Mike Friedrich's Now Defunct Star Reach* comic line, which, while giving plenty of space to established comic artists like *Barry Smith* and *P. Craig Russell*, also made room for talented newcomers like the excellent *Lee Marrs*.

Marrs is the talent responsible for the semi-autobiographical 'Pudge, Girl Blimp' strip that *Star Reach* used to publish, along with more serious adventure fare.

This later stuff is, to me, very interesting in that it demonstrates how it is possible to have an exciting storyline without resorting to such popular male obsessions as power-mania and mindless violence in order to spice up the plot.

Another woman in this category, one who has also emerged from what could be called the ground level comic scene, is *Wendy Pini*. Along with husband *Richard*, Wendy produces the excellent *Elftongue* comic which has already run to some thirteen book-length episodes and is probably one of the most confident uses of graphic storytelling produced by people of either gender available at the moment.

I could easily devote an entire article to *Wendy Pini*, as indeed I could to most of the women above. Suffice to say that it's well worth checking out as lively and entertaining stuff in its own right, as well as being an optimistic glance at what sort of influences might be seen in mainstream comics in the non-too distant future.

Pini and *Marrs* have both had work published in such largely male-dominated preserves as *Epic magazine*, and it looked as if despite the fact that women in general seem to have an approach to art that is vastly different to what we have come to expect from the standard boy's adventure fare, there may be a chance that we will see women gradually infiltrating the comic book business and hopefully enriching it in the process.

"As with a lot of women already covered, the emphasis of Fanny Tribble's cartoons is more upon honesty and directness rather than a pre-occupation with detailed inking and flawless anatomy."

You'll notice that most of the people mentioned above are American, so what's the state of women's comics this side of the pond? Well, due to the relative sizes of Britain and America there are considerably fewer women working in the medium, but those that do tend to compensate in quality for what they lack in numbers.

A good example is *Fanny Tribble*, who I believe first appeared in the *Sour Cream* compilations before graduating to her own solo books, *Heavy Periods* and *Funny Trouble*, both published by the feminist-orientated *Sheba* books.

As with a lot of the women already covered, the emphasis of her cartoons is more



upon honesty and directness rather than a preoccupation with detailed inking and flawless anatomy.

Personally, I like *Tribble's* stuff a lot, largely because she seems to feel confident enough to laugh at the more ludicrous aspects of feminism at the same time as she's laughing at herself and the people around her.

Then there's *Posey Simmons*, whose work appears regularly in *The Guardian*. Again, the approach to characterization is both flawless and absorbing, especially in her portrayal of woolly-minded bohemian middle class housewife *Wendy Weber*.

It's one of those strips that relentlessly lampoons its own audience, and yet does it so well that every one who reads it, including the real *Wendy Webers* in her audience, are convinced that she's laughing at somebody else.

SEXISM IN COMICS

"I think that is the area we need to explore... the gap between what women want and what women get."

Of course, I suppose that the last word in this piece should go to the 'Woman In Comics' who happens to be at the editorial helm of this magazine, the brutal, tough and domineering Ms. Bernie Jaye who I just happen to have with me here in the studio at the moment.

Bernie, as an editor, is there much that you can do about the way women are treated in comics? Particularly as the editor of something like *Savage Sword of Conan*?

"Well, with Conan it's all reprint material so there's very little you can do to change that. Where I can make my presence felt is when it comes to producing original magazines, in so much as I can choose who's working on it to a certain extent and I needn't commission anybody who I think is going to take a sexist approach."

Fair enough. But bearing in mind what I said earlier, do you really think that there's much opportunity for a single woman in a male preserve being able to actually make any major changes? How optimistic are you about the future of women in comics?

"Not very. Not in the immediate future. See, the entire thing is related to the whole social structure, so while it might change eventually it's going to be a pretty slow process. For one thing, women, as a part of society, are just as wrapped up in sexism as anybody else. The difference is that because women are oppressed by sexism they are more likely to want to do something to change the situation."

At any one time women know what they want and they know what they're getting. I think that's the area that we need to explore... the gap between what women want and what women get. It's a kind of 'dissatisfaction gap' and primarily a point of power and change or despair."

And I think that upon that vaguely sombre note we should wrap up this article. Three issues of guilty male-liberal breast-beating is enough for anybody, right?

If there's anybody out there who has actually managed to wade through all this verbiage and come out the other side with their marbles intact, I'd very much like to hear what you think, either for or against.

Is there a problem here, or am I exaggerating? Does anything need doing about it and if so what? Write and let me know.

Take six pages explaining exactly why I'm the most boring and arrogant scumbag ever to walk the face of the earth if you must, but write. You after all, are the reader. You pay the wages. And on the strength of that alone I reckon you've got some say in what sort of attitudes the comic industry is showing down your throats. Look forward to hearing from you.



THE FAIR SEX
by Fanny Trullax

Hi Bernie and Co.,

The Daredevil No 4 was a really splendid issue of the magazine. I'm really enjoying things now even more so than before, and not least Captain Britain.

The good Captain's tale fairly bulges with excitement this time round. But even though it is still your average Stupor-Hero/Stupor-Villain fight (Hero meets villain. Hero fights Villain. Hero thrashes Villain). I couldn't really find fault.

I mean it is impossible to change the actual basic components of such a plotline, to do so would involve in no longer being any kind of confrontation scene. And after all, the actual core of Super-Hero strips is that the hero and villain best merry hell out of each other at one time or another.

And, what the hell, I like this kind of Stupor-Hero stuff. And if I like the usual stuff I revel in the Alan Moore variety. He's the best writer in comics today.

Low Stringer's suggestion of a *Quality/Marvel UK* team-up via *CB* and *Marvelman* is a really intriguing, as well as exciting, prospect.

Of course it would all depend upon a number of factors. The possibility that you could arrange such a contract between your prospective companies as *Marvel* and *DC* have done on many occasions in the US. Also that the *All AI Squad* are willing to do such a thing. After all both characters are Alan Moore's babies (with all due respect to *Al Davis* in the case of *CB*) and he may not want to mix two totally different 'dimensions' if you will. And would Alan Davis be able to fit in such a task to his schedule, would he want to?

Many questions with, I hope, positive answers as it is such a fantastic idea. I automatically suggest Alan Davis as the artist on such a project as he has simply most artistic knowledge of both characters. It is a logical choice to choose him.

Hah it would be just so fitting that Alan did do some British *X-Men* stories... and varied them wildly from the USA stories of Chris Claremont. It would pay them back for not recognising the new Captain Britain.

The recent appearances of the old *CB* in new *CB* have even been wildly inaccurate then.

In *Contest of Champions*, a mini-series his Star Sceptre was the old Staff coloured 'gold'. PATHETIC! And an even more recent appearance has the old *CB* in a not long past issue of *The* (really terrible issues these days) *Hulk*. This makes me so

MARVEL COMICS WORK-IN

This takes place at the Comic Mart on Saturday June 4th 1983 at Central Hall Westminster, London.

Most of the Marvel staff and Marvel contributors will be there so do come along if you can. We'd love to meet you.

The doors open at mid-day.

HOW TO GET THERE



angry that I almost wasted my time writing a letter to Shooter over it. But, I thought what would be the use writing to him.

The Survey, yeah, very convivial atmosphere (Joy Division) about it. How good it is to see Marvel UK not taking a condescending outlook on all 'the Kiddies'.

You are at least putting across a more caring attitude. Actually giving a damn about what the buyer wants, the survey itself shows that, but the attitude is there to back things up. And that is what counts.

At least real fans seem to be in control of a Marvel UK comic. There is a God...

What a classic article on Sexism in *Comic*. Three pages that had me more often than not grinning wildly at the Baboons humour. I'm so glad I wasn't ever in a position to buy the dreadful 'Stuporman Family' etc now cos if I had been a few years ago I would almost certainly have wasted my money on it.

Thankyou all concerned for another afternoons reading and contemplative thought. Takes a lot to get a lazy sod like me to do a lot of thinking on something. Congratulations: It's a comic.

Kinda Lingers & All Good Things,

Ross Cowin
5 Hambridge Close
Burton Manor
Stafford ST17 9PJ



Dear Bernie,

Yesterday it was something else, tomorrow it will be something else but today the Captain Britain story 'Thicker Than Water' is my favourite comic strip ever.

It may not have the gritty, down-to-earth realism of *Marvelman*, it may not have the earlier quirky humour of Thorpe/Davis' C.B.'s, but it does somehow manage to mix the two to make a story which although lives firmly in 'Comicsland' has enough points of reference in our own world to make it believable.

The art was inspired. Alan Davis shouldn't be as hidden from world view as he is. Why don't you try a swap with him and John Byrne?

On second thoughts keep him where he is; I don't fancy Brian Braddock in flares, *Slaymaster* cast as a mutant and the entire world with capped teeth.

Byrne deals in 'The American Dream' of perfection; Alan Davis lives in the real world of Britain where being 'fairly good' is the goal.

The dialogue is realistic. There's something funny about reading comics where the people appear as people — it doesn't fit in with the comics norm. Why don't they explain their every emotions? Why are they so withdrawn? So nervous? So human?

There are giggles of course. Why want in *Forbidden Planet* and not *McBurgers*? Why does *Slaymaster* have to wear the 'neanderthal' mask? But these giggles create a good story where the readers' abilities to suspend belief in the situation comes into play. And after all, if we're aiming for great realism why are we reading stupid kidie-comics about flying men and psychic people with purple hair?

I'm a bit concerned about Alan Moore as he writes my three current favourite strips. He won't wear his brain out will he? Or lose it under that mass of hair? And if, as I'm hoping for,

the British comic strip industry dramatically expands I'll be forever comparing the new writers with him.

Finally, I'll leave you with an indication of the impact of *Thicker Than Water* on me. Tomorrow I was going to go up to London and visit the comic shops there. However, following a brutal murder and the prospect of a super-battle at *Forbidden Planet*, I may just stay at home with my crochet.

Michael Cook
11 Windmill Avenue,
Wokingham,
Berkshire RG11 2XA

Dear Bernie,

You, or rather Alan, really shouldn't try to con us kids like that. Like what? Like accompanying an article on *Sexism* with a picture of *Superman* intervening in a typical *Lois/Lana* catfight taken out of context.

In the story from which it was taken the two were merely faking it in order to get the death penalty abolished in Star City.

Mind you, there was an honest-to-goodness, genuine scrap in the same issue, so you weren't far wrong.

I don't really disagree with anything Alan said in his article — pretty sensible stuff! He made some good points about *Super-girls* boyfriends and the presentation of *Lois and Lana*.

I don't think you can use those old *Batgirl* strips as an example of how badly women were treated since they took place during the camp era when most people were treated like that.

But DC will be surprised to hear that *Supergirl* used to romp with *Streaky* circa 1945 — I certainly was.

Alan's other article was very honest and shows that you're willing to publish what US *Marvel* would never let through. Actually *Stan Lee* died years ago

but *Jim Shooter* pretends he's still alive so they can stick his name on the splash pages.

More interesting developments in this month's *Captain Britain*, such as *Betsy's* indiscretion with her brothers secret ID. Maybe she figured that it would be difficult to keep it from a fellow psychic and just decided she may as well tell him herself.

Inspector Thomas, minus the JJJ cigar, was handled better than in the past.

I'm really sick of this *Ninja* obsession comics seem to be going through, though.

I haven't particularly enjoyed an *Arcade* story yet, so why not do us all a favour and kill him off — that would really screw *Claremont* up. They could resurrect him as a whale, or a spaceship or something.

I like the tongue-in-cheek approach the two of you adopted for the survey, and people are far more likely to respond to that type of questioning than the straightforward approach. Only problem is, I had to think before answering a few of the questions and how I've got a headache.

Hasta La Vista
(Whatever that means)

Martin Gray
22, Beechwood Avenue
Darlington
Co. Durham DL3 7HP

Dear Marvel,

I am writing this letter to say how much I enjoyed *Daredevils* No.

Captain Britain is, for me, the best feature in this magazine. Apart from the fact that he is our own British hero, the stories are good, the art is good and the baddies are real, I mean, real mean.

I'm not saying I dislike *Spidey* or *DD*, but I think *Britain* needs its own set of Superheroes. Most of *Spidey's* and *DD's* adventures are set in America, and this makes them seem too 'far away' and 'unreal'.

I agree with *Low Stringer*, who says in the letters section that there should be a *Marvelman/Captain Britain* team-up.

Perhaps you could hold a talent competition to design a new British hero.

I enjoyed '*Sexism in Comics*'. This got me thinking and I sorted through some old *Lois Lane* comics to see for myself, and I was quite shocked by what I saw.

Although giving the wrong impression about women I don't think you can blame the writer of the story if he truly believes what he is writing. Thank goodness it is now changing. More of these thought-provoking articles please.

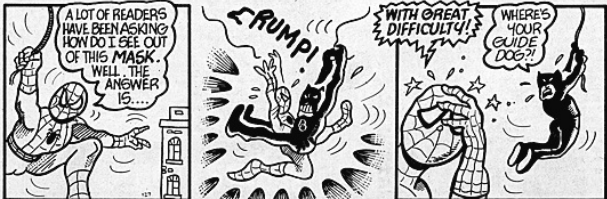
Inside Comics was also interesting. I was shocked yet again to read of *Marvel's* imminent 'Downfall'. Although I can see what Alan Moore means I still think *Marvel's* characters are miles better than all the other silly, boring trash, such as *Batman*, *Superman* and *Teen Titans*.

What about the *FF*, *Rom*, *Dr. Strange*, *Ghost Rider* and *Daredevil*. These are still great comics and will remain so for a very long time, I hope.

TTFN
Trevor Hill
4, Western Avenue

Flechny
Leicester LE5 0BS

Apologies to *Low Stringer* and *Gavin Ross* whose letters were mixed together by mistake in the *Daredevils* No.4. Details of the mix up next issue.



LITTLE RED COMIC-BOOKS

★ One thing I've always found slightly annoying about some comic-fans (by which I mean the diehard fans and collectors, rather than general readers) is that they're interested in absolutely nothing but American comic-books. ★
 ★ Now if you're reading this you're obviously one of the good-guys, because you've actually bought a British magazine; but most fans ★
 ★ seem to think there's only one country in the world that produces comics, and that's the USA. ★
 ★ Well, it isn't. Not by a long way. ★
 ★ After all, where did the British, French and Spanish artists whose work now appears in America establish their reputations? In the ★
 ★ British, French and Spanish industries, naturally. There's a whole world of comic-strip out there. ★
 ★ My own interests are a little more unorthodox. Frankly, I have this absurd fascination with Oriental comic-books. Can I read them? ★
 ★ Well, no. But as a comic-strip writer myself, I'm intrigued by the way other cultures use different types of story, story-telling devices, ★
 ★ art-techniques, and so on. So let's take a look at some of this stuff: Japan and Hong Kong later, but for now we'll kick off with the ★
 ★ People's Republic of China. . .

One big problem with writing about the comic-strip of mainland China is that they don't have any. Not as we usually understand the term 'comic-strip', anyway.

What is a comic-strip? How about "a visual narrative where the story-line is carried by both words (captions and dialogue) and sequences of pictures in fairly equal amounts"? That'll do for now. . .

What the Chinese have instead are 'picture-story-books', usually about five inches by four and with between 100 and 150 pages. Each page has a single illustration with a caption underneath, and it's that caption which carries the story and contains the dialogue, the use of the speech balloon being virtually unknown.

Each frame is a single illustration, a frozen moment in time rather than being part of a continuing sequence, and there might be a five year gap between page 23 and 24. No cinematic story-telling devices here!

China seems to be one of the few places on Earth that hasn't been subjected to the influence of American comic-books, and their industry has developed pretty much on its own.

The evolution is straight out of illustrated books, which have a thousand-year history there, and they've arrived at their present state

by simply using more and more pictures and shorter and shorter captions. Sometimes the story's too long for one picture-book, and 10 or 20 volume sets are fairly common.

There's also a monthly magazine published in Peking, *Lianhuan Huabao*, which features shorter stories with a wide variety of subject matter and art-techniques, but again these are pictures-and-captions, arranged in neat horizontal or vertical rows. Virtually the entire output of the Chinese industry is in black and white.



Who reads this stuff?

An awful lot of people. British editors have been known to be struck speechless by Chinese circulation figures. Honest. I've seen it happen. A pretty average picture-book sells half a million copies; recently 25-volume adaptation of the classic novel *Monkey* appeared (you may have seen the Japanese TV series based on the same, a couple of years ago) with a print run of 2 million copies per volume. 50 million booklets. . . just on one item.

The total number of picture-books (all titles)

published in 1980 was close to 500 million. And *Lianhuan Huabao* regularly sells out at 1.1 million copies a month.

Readers appear to be both kids and adults. There is a fair bit of 'nursery' material for very young children, but the usual picture-books seem to cut across virtually all age-groups. No one's ashamed of being caught reading comic-books.



"Good stories" for the comrades

All the printing and publishing houses in China are run by the government, so picture-books always contain good wholesome stories (by their standards, at least).

Chinese fiction has always had a strong moralistic tendency, so this is nothing new; it's just that a hefty chunk of communist ideology has been added on as well.

Back in the days of the Cultural Revolution (1966-76) when everybody was running around brandishing their little red book of Quotations from Chairman Mao and a fun way to spend Sunday afternoon was besieging the British



Stereotypes: Clean-cut Chinese soldiers overwhelm the ugly Americans!



The eye-wrenching "shifting perspective" effect: The right and left hand halves of the picture are drawn from different angles.

連環畫

CHINESE COMICS

Embassy and spitting at the foreign-devil diplomats, most of the picture books contained tales of heroic tractor-drivers or war stories.

War of Liberation, Korean War, Vietnam War, you name it. Smiling, heroic and impeccably dressed members of the People's Liberation Army up against appallingly ugly foreigners, imperialists and aristocrats.

Cause of most hilarity was the caricatured representation of Americans: huge noses, knobbly* and spotted, moustaches, swarthy skins and craven expressions. Rather makes up for all those years that western comics portrayed orientals with buck teeth and pebble glasses.

Things have changed since then, and most of the picture books I've seen recently have had historical subjects.

Adaptations of classic novels like *Monkey* and the *Water Margin* are big favourites, along with tales from history, the lives of famous poets, and even the occasional myth or legend. But it's always moral and educational stuff, and if the original story being adapted contains anything that goes against the party-line, they'll alter it quite shamelessly.

Lianhuan Huabao has a much wider variety of stories: myth, history, modern family dramas, tales set in other lands (thus allowing the reader to fantasize about owning TV sets, cars and fashionable clothes); even tales of the Trojan War, by Chinese artists. Most peculiar.



Sex, drugs and violence.

Sorry. There are no sex, drugs or violence in Chinese comics.

Let's qualify that. Drug abuse, like a number of social evils such as prostitution, crime, religion, having more than one child and enjoying yourself, has been officially wiped out. All this stuff carries on anyway, but it doesn't appear in the comics.

As for violence, there are fights and battles, of course, but all done in the best possible taste. No blood, no guts, no severed limbs.

As for sex and sexism: obviously, there is no nudity, super-heroines in skin-tight costumes, or graphic sexual encounters. Women are generally portrayed as equal to men, that is, as fellow-workers and revolutionaries.

Romance is generally played down in favour of friendship, and that's usually based on "He's a good communist" or "She's a good worker", rather than on physical attraction. A certain amount of old-fashioned romance is allowed in historical stories, but only in a strictly controlled and approved fashion.



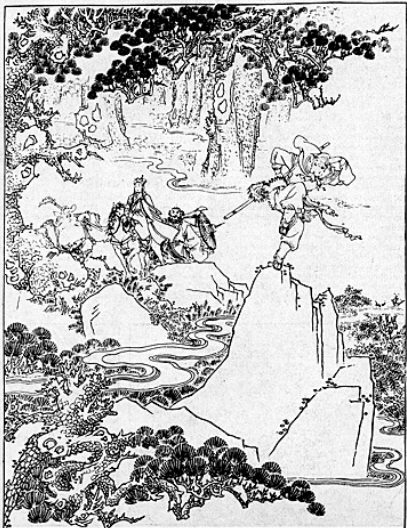
But is it art?

Too damned right it is. The single most attractive feature of the picture-book is the artwork, which is usually done in the traditional Chinese style. Now, I could fill the rest of this magazine trying to explain the difference between western and Chinese art, so we'll have to be brief.

As an example, we'll take *Monkey Subdues*

the White-Bone Demon, a masterpiece of its type and one of the few picture-books that's been translated into English. The art's by Chao Hung-pen and Chien Hsiao-tai.

First, being single illustrations, every picture is the same size, which means there are no short-cuts like dropping in a small close-up frame here and there (the head-and-shoulders close-up is virtually unknown).



From *Monkey* subdues the White-Bone Demon

Chinese art, even at its most realistic, is basically unrealistic. It is more concerned with showing the *essence* of a person or thing than their physical characteristics.

This means an artist can handle a mythical subject realistically, or a realistic subject mythically, with equal ease.

One of the oldest maxims of Chinese art is that if the artist isn't moved by the subject, the viewer won't be either. It's a fairly universal principle. Stan Lee was obviously moved by the subject in his 'cosmic period' in the mid-sixties. Frank Miller was obviously moved by Daredevil; unfortunately, it gets a bit difficult to think of many other examples from American and British comics.

Chinese art is entirely composed of line-work, rather than shade and texture, and one of the first things you notice is that no one has a shadow; but as this is non-realistic, it hardly matters.

But the sheer variety and subtlety of line in *Monkey* is quite astonishing. Of course, these guys have *written* with a brush all their lives, which gives them a head-start, but the fluid curves and variations of width are stunning nonetheless. Add to that different types of brush stroke for rocks, trees, leaves, faces and clothes.

Line is important in perspective as well, as the Chinese don't use the linear perspective that's common in the west.

Most of the pictures in *Monkey* use 'fixed perspective', where our viewpoint is a slightly aerial one, looking down on the action. Thus the further up the picture someone is, the further away he is.

People and objects diminish in size and detail the further away they are as well, of course, but so does the thickness of line used to portray them; bold thick lines for the foreground, fine delicate lines for the background.

It's all pretty simple, except that the artist is quite likely to decide to do the next illustration using 'shifting perspective', and draw various parts of the same picture from different viewpoints. Work that one out if you can!

Another surprise is the use of white space. If we wanted to show that something was important, we'd probably slap it right up front in the foreground. Not the Chinese.

If they want to emphasize something, they draw it normal size and leave out the background. It obviously then becomes the most important thing in the frame, because there's nothing else there!

One thing I can't do justice to in words though is the composition of the pictures. And of course *that*, just where words fail me, is the most important thing of all! All I can do is give an example: there's a frame from *Monkey* showing a fight in a cave, with the combatants squashed into the centre of the picture by masses of swirling, threatening rock. It's the most claustrophobic thing I've ever seen, and there's not a trace of darkness, gloom or shadow in there anywhere.

The strips in *Lianhuan Huabao* show a much greater variety of style, and some of them are heavily westernised, some almost photographic. The influences are definitely from western 'Art', not comic-books though, and the whole thing tends to look like an art-college sampler. Shame really, because the Chinese have obviously got something unique, and I, for one, wish they'd stick with it.



Masterful composition and horrible claustrophobia; from *Monkey*



The creeping influence of westernisation... a page from *Lianhuan Huabao*



Off-hand, the only place I know that sells this sort of stuff is the Guanghua Company, 7-9 Newport Place, London, WC2.

They usually have *Monkey Subdues the White-Bone Demon* and one or two other books that have been translated into English. They also get, occasionally, some Chinese picture books and the odd copy of *Lianhuan Huabao*.

Don't bother to write for these Chinese language ones, as they only get a few and sell out quick; it's more or less personal callers only and you take what you find.

What they will do by post, however, is provide a year's subscription to *Lianhuan Huabao*. As I write this, it's 12 issues for £7.85, mailed direct from Peking; but you'd be advised to write and check the price first.



FANZINE REVIEWS

by alan moore

CATALYST NO 1
Available for 40p plus a first or second-class stamp from Norwood House, 19, Montague Rd., Essexbourne, Nr. Midhurst, Sussex.

Now, this is a nicely put together item. What you get for your money, basically, is an A2 sized poster of Batman, Robin and Batgirl drawn by the very professional-looking Don Wazewski. The poster is then folded down to A5 size, and on the back of it we find an eight page fanzine printed.

It's an interesting package idea and I'm quite taken with it, although I suppose that if for some reason you didn't happen to like the poster, the remaining eight pages might be considered to contain little actual reading material for your forty pence.

For my part, I'd sooner have a small, well produced quality magazine than a sprawling indiscriminate mess with dull, trivial and rambling articles poorly reproduced upon toilet paper.

Catalyst is refreshing and inventive and well worth investigating. As for the actual articles, there's a piece by Pete Scott which reviews issue three of the *Zippy* by Bill Griffith's *Zippy*, providing an adequate introduction to the wonderful world of *Zippy the Pinhead* for those who might be unfamiliar with the microcephalic mystic of the All-Nite Landromat.

Zippy the Pinhead is, in my own opinion, the single most important character in world literature ever, and any article which goes along with my opinions is just dashed by me. As the pointed headed perfect master himself has remarked: "I've got an idea!! Why don't I stare at you so hard, you forget your social security number!!"

There's also an article by editor Norman Herrington detailing his first impressions of the legendary *EC* comics line. For anybody already familiar with *EC* comics the article won't tell them anything new, but it stands as a very readable introduction for anybody who hasn't yet sampled the stomach-wrenching delights of the most influential comic company since Superman first decided to wear his underpants outside his trousers.

Actually, most of the articles in *Catalyst* seem to be introductory pieces of one sort or another...probably because that's all you get room for in such a limited number of pages. This might, with time, become a little dull, although in

Catalyst's favour it should be said that the magazine in general shows impeccable taste when it comes to choice of subject matter.

In addition to the articles already mentioned, there's a piece by *Maureen James* on *Will Eisner*, creator of *The Spirit* and a number of other equally worthwhile ventures.

Again, it's a well written introductory article and *Maureen James* has managed to articulate her enthusiasm for *Eisner* and his work very convincingly, although in places it looks as if she may have let said enthusiasm run away with her a little.

Still, that's very easy to do where *Eisner* is concerned and I'm hardly the person to criticize anybody for over-writing.

There's a shrewd and incisive review of *Jim Starlin's Metamorphosis Odyssey* by *Peter Campbell* which delivers a very good model of the way fan criticism ought to be. It's constructed with a degree of care that shows the proper respect for the material under discussion and it makes it's point lucidly with a minimum of fuss.

Wrapping up the issue we have a smattering of friendly and informal chat from the editor and a trivia quiz in which I was surprised to find that I was two of the answers. It's a disquieting feeling to be approaching ones thirties and suddenly realise that one is a piece of trivia, just like *Tom Mix's* horse or *Torchy The Battery Boy*.

For all that, however, *CATALYST* is a promising production and I'm looking forward to issue two.

FAST FICTION NO 4
Available from I. R. Wiczorek, 141, Brecknock Rd, Tufnell Park, London N9 for 95p including postage.

Much as I've enjoyed the previous issue of *FAST FICTION* that I've seen, I haven't mentioned them in these pages yet because I wasn't really sure whether such a unique and distinctive publication really classified as a fanzine. But what the hell? I know nobody ever reads these fanzine reviews so I might just as well stick it in anyway. Nobody will care, Nobody cares if I live or die. The only reason they employ me is because they've got me confused with Steve Moore.



Yeah, so, anyway. *FAST FICTION*, *FAST FICTION* is a twenty-page offset printed A5 magazine with the occasional benefit of hand-colouring on the covers. It's more or less strips from cover to cover and it seems to generate some of the liveliest and most ground-breaking work being done in this country at the moment.

It isn't conventional comics fare by any means, but then if you want the conventional there's plenty of places to look for it elsewhere.

FAST FICTION, while it might be an acquired taste, it is something special and it deserves your support above more than most of the other stuff that I fill these pages with rave reviews of.

The first strip this time round also happens to be the best in the issue. It's by *Phil Elliot* and it focuses upon another batch of the dream-like reminiscences of his recurring character, *Gimbley*.

In places the art calls to mind various influences ranging from *Herge of Tin Tin* fame through to the disturbing *Charles Burns* whose material has recently appeared in *Raw Magazine*, but above and beyond that it has a character of it's own.

There's something uneasily hard-edged and brittle about the drawings, but at the same time this is balanced by the oddly-affecting sense of poetry in the actual stories.

In this issue, *Gimbley* is afflicted by two spectral musicians who stand at the foot of his bed and serenade his physical demise. Nonplussed, he seeks advice, only to learn that he is not the only one thus afflicted. The whole thing has a fascinating strangeness about it that leaves you hungry for more of the same without really knowing why.

Gimbley is followed by a piece entitled *Cracks* by editor Ian Wiczorek.

It's an interesting and unusual piece in a lot of different respects...the balance of pictures and text is curious, but the overall storytelling uses this to its advantage.

Each frame is seen through the eyes of the protagonist, so that we are forced to identify with him even though the only glimpse we see of him is in his face in a shaving mirror.

I seem to remember an old *Philip Marlowe* movie that employed this device...it was a good trick then and it's a good trick now.

The narrative perfectly conveys the sense of disquiet felt by the narrator as his home is scared and damaged by mysterious builders who call while he is out at work. The story is quiet and disturbing, the feelings it generates are similar to those conjured up in the writings of *Kafka* or in *Roland Topor's* excellent novel *The Tenant*.

The final strip in the magazine is a piece by *Eddie Campbell* who you may remember me raving about an issue or so back. This time round, however, I found myself a little disappointed. It's not so much that the story isn't good, but rather that it isn't anywhere near as good as a lot of the other *Campbell* pieces that I've seen.

If *Eddie* hadn't set himself such a high standard I'd probably like this just fine, but as it is I came away expecting something more...something that I'm confident will be delivered with either the next issue of *FAST FICTION* or in *Ed Hilliers* forthcoming *All-Campbell* issue of *Gen Comics*.

I'm tired of heaping superlatives onto this kind of stuff...so I'm going to say that it's a whole, *FAST FICTION* is a little splinter of comic book history in the making and if you want to be in on the ground floor then you'd better be quick.



Night Raven

Alan Moore: Writer David Lloyd: Illustrations

the anaesthetic, wearing off...

*"Her school-house has windows now,
Where handsome creatures come to watch
The anaesthetic wearing off.
Antarctica starts here."*

— JOHN CALE

In the iridescent ant-farm that is Hong Kong, there stands a house, a narrow house that has a secret name. The name of the house is "Neither Flag Nor Wind."

Within the house are bead curtains, and each bead is a single pearl. Dragons, many dragons rear on screens of muted silver silk and each beast is so intricate that one could easily believe in several generations losing their eyesight to the crafting of its hypnotic detail.

There is the delicate musk of pale ochre skin and a spectral perfume that smells the same as opals look. There is the scent of Opium, like bitter marzipan.

There is a room full of twilight and jewelry, lit by a solitary lantern. In one corner kneels a man, a young man in a black kimono, a chinese man. His eyes stare. Sweat dries upon his cheekbones leaving only a smear of highlight. He does not blink, but from time to time will quiver almost imperceptibly. He is afraid of his lover. His lover lies sleeping in the centre of the room.

Even sleeping, she is dangerous beyond measure. Awake, she had terrified him with her bleak and beautiful eyes, with the whirlpool of her conversation, with the cold and lethal wastelands of her silences. But then, he could not permit himself the luxury of fear. To show fear to a woman . . . to a creature . . . of such coiled, unblinking power was to invite annihilation.

He saved his fear for when she slept, and then he knelt and from time to time he quivers almost imperceptibly. He stares at a jade statue, red-black like blood an hour spilled. It shows two dragons. The dragons are devouring each other.

He cannot hear his lover breathing. He assumes that she breathes, although he is not certain. He has no memory of hearing her breathe. Nothing else happens in the glimmering dusk of the long, narrow room.

His lover is six thousand years old, and her name is Yi Yang.

Tomorrow she will take another lover. If he can but survive this single night then he will live. Will live with a scarred memory of what it is to be embraced by an immortal, to drown in the remote silence of her responses, to feel the horrifying briefness of his life beside that of one who has stood and watched while glaciers slid down towards the ocean, gaining feet with the passing of each lonely century.

He kneels, and waits for the dawn in a house called "Neither Flag Nor Wind."

In Hong Kong. In 1965.

Antarctica, 1965.

The sky is a brilliant, blinding white. The land is a brilliant, blinding white. They fuse seamlessly together, leaving no horizon line to fracture their dazzling emptiness.

The man who walks across the snow is dressed in white. White sky, white land, white man. It would have been very easy to draw.

But it is very difficult to live.

It hurts. Each step is crammed to the limits with shrieking, blue-hot pain. Pain that insists upon itself and will allow no interruptions, no distractions. Pain that bellows. And, while each step holds no greater pain than all the others he has taken this last, long, dismal twenty years, neither is the pain it holds any the less for the passage of time.

The pain is constant. The pain is unbearable. It diminishes all lesser hurts and ailments into non-existence. He does not notice the Antarctic cold that chews mercilessly upon his bones, for there is not room to notice it. The pain fills everything, and is absolute. It is beyond bearing,

yet he bears it. It is beyond comprehension, yet he has figured it out. He understand the pain in it's entirety, has boiled down it's essential meaning into two words. It hurts.

It hurts. He hurts.

Night Raven hurts.

Later, he is crouching in the snow like an awful bleached praying Mantis, head swivelling with slow and eerie deliberation from left to right, scanning the invisible horizon.

There are no birds. There are no animals or trees. There are no people. There is only snow. Only snow.

He has travelled far enough. He is alone now.

For a while he does not move, the twin black slits set into his featureless bone face fixed upon absolute blind white nothingness.

And then a white glove reaches slowly to within a white trenchcoat and emerges with a bottle, and the bottle is blue.

He removes his mask. His face is terrible. He removes the stopper from the blue bottle. He drinks. It tastes of sour pears.

Nothing happens. Perhaps the elixir needs time to take effect. That does not bother him. He has all the time in the world. He will sit, and wait, and see what transpires. While he waits, he will think. Once he had been a great detective, and even now that he is mad he still thinks with precision. He will sit and wait and think and evaluate all that he knows. Starting with the chinese woman.

Starting with Yi Yang.

He had first encountered Yi Yang, mistress of the Dragon Tong, in 1929. He had dealt a mortal blow to her vice empire. She, in return, had poisoned him. She had poisoned him with something that attacked his nerves, engendering a pain that eventually deformed both the body and the mind. That was the first fact that he knew to be true.

The second fact concerned the blue



bottle, the empty blue bottle now lying discarded in the snow. He had learned, in 1941, that a cure existed for the agonies that assailed him.

In 1942, after several deaths, he had found the bottle that contained this healing draught. It was then that he had been told a terrible thing concerning what was in the bottle. He had been told that were he to drink it and thus be cured, such was its nature that it would transform him into a pestilential angel of death, and that many would be the innocent corpses heaped at his door.

He had not been able to tolerate the thought of that any more than he could tolerate the agony that scabbled his insides. He chose to allow himself to be killed, instead. He contrived to end up in New York's East river, shot through two vital organs, including one lung. He was under water for several hours. He survived. That was the second fact that he knew to be true, and it was from that that he deduced his third fact.

The third fact was that he was immortal. He could not be killed, neither by his own hand nor by that of another. Yi Yang had given him something that was not a mere poison. Yi Yang had given him an eternity in which to savour its hideous effects.

The vast and staggering sadism of this act almost outshone the wonder of its accomplishment, but not quite. The important thing was, Yi Yang had been able to do it. Yi Yang had the means to make a person immortal. By careful extrapolation it was plain to see that a person possessing such an ability would not limit its use to the torment of others.

Thus, fact four: Yi Yang was herself immortal, had possibly been immortal for some considerable time. The single probable difference between her condition and his was that he hurt, and she didn't. Not at the moment.

Four facts. All the rest is deduction. Deduction and questions.

Why would an immortal woman risk loosing a disease that would destroy perhaps all the life upon the planet save for hers and that of her deadliest enemy? Surely, to one who is assured an infinite future, that would be the bleakest future of all. Hence, Yi Yang was lying about the cure in the bottle having a dreadful

plague as a side effect. Probably.

That didn't mean it was a cure, necessarily. It might have been flavoured water . . . except that that would seem to be a small and spiteful torment, too petty to have been devised by the same mind that had concocted his punishment, his pain-wracked, toxic eternity. The mind that had spawned that atrocity would demand some far more subtle viciousness.

He imagined Yi Yang would have enjoyed the dark and secret irony of knowing that the cure *had* been in that bottle, and that he had thrown it away. It would have given her something to smile at from time to time during the long and lonely passage of her life. If that was true, then he had just taken the cure and his suffering would be shortly at an end. Probably.

The only other problem that remained in his deductions was one of motive. Why should Yi Yang take such a risk, simply for the sake of a brief and cruel amusement in the midst of an unending lifespan? Why would he risk granting immortality to someone, immortality coupled to a pain that would make he who suffered it hate her more than any other single object in the world? Why would he risk freeing her single deadliest enemy from the prospect of death, and then dangle the means before him by which he could also rid himself of the pain which she had induced? Didn't she realise?

Didn't she know what he was going to do to her if this cure succeeded? He would hunt her down, though it took centuries.

Though she hid from him on the ocean bed he would track her across it to where she cowered.

Though she locked herself in an impregnable vault for a million years, he would be waiting outside when it opened.

He would find her. And what he did to her then would make what she had done to him seem almost laughable by comparison.

Why? Why had she risked losing such an implacable and horrifying revenge upon

Unless she was bored.

Perhaps immortality was like an anaesthetic. Perhaps after many centuries of life the world loses its lustre, its colours glowing flat and predictable, its events dreary and

repetitive. You would watch friends and lovers die, and after a while they would mean less than nothing to you. All the things that give meaning to our lives would seem very tiny when viewed from such an infinite perspective. Perhaps, after a while . . . a thousand years or so . . . there would be a quiet voice that murmured from whatever was left of your soul, a voice that pleaded for death as a cure to endless life, to endless boredom.

But how? How does an immortal kill herself, given that she has pondered the problem for countless centuries? She slashes her wrists and the veins heal even as she watches them. She holds her head beneath water, breathing it in in great black lungfuls. It hurts, but that is all that it does. No fire will consume her. No weapon will harm her . . .

And so she sets about creating a weapon, perhaps unconsciously, responding to that barely audible voice inside her that pleads for extinction. She creates a weapon that might just be able to kill her.

She takes a man, a man who has proven himself to her equal in terms of strategy. A man who has come close to beating her. She takes such a man and fills him to the brim with hatred and an unquenchable desire for bloody revenge. She lets him simmer for twenty years, perhaps not even admitting to herself the reason for her actions, and all the time inside herself she knows that one day he will find his cure, one day he will come after her.

And perhaps, one day he will destroy her.

He sits in the snow and thinks, his mind sorting through possibilities and conclusions, utterly engrossed in its own web of logic and deduction.

The pain stops. He does not notice for almost an hour. It has become so much a part of him that when it is gone it somehow still lingers, like the ghost of an amputated arm. When he finally notices that it is no longer there, he weeps.

And then, after a while, he stands and begins to walk due North, back the way he came.

Far away, in a house called

"Neither Flag Nor Wind", the six thousand year old woman wakes screaming from a dream of frozen whiteness, and then slits the throat of the eighteen year old boy who kneels paralyzed in the corner, the solitary whiteness to her instant of waking dread.

Naked and slick with his blood she crouches over him and sniffs at the air like an animal. Something is different. Something is abroad in the world that sets this day apart from two million others that she has woken to. Something dangerous.

She shudders, and the sensation is almost exquisite. Something has worked its way between the scales of jaded calousness that immortality has surrounded her with. It trails one long nail over her skin and she feels an emotion unknown to her for so long that she had forgotten its name.

The emotion used to be called terror, six thousand years ago. Even though they barely had language then, that was one emotion, one word common to all ages and cultures.

She crouches in the glittering twilight, the bright copper scent of blood in her nostrils, and wonders at how afraid she feels.

At how alive she feels

Her heart hammers. She licks her lips.

She feels the anaesthetic wearing off.



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

collectors corner

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ORDERING INFORMATION:

All prices are per issue.

All items are very good to near mint.

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To enable us to expedite your order with regularity please indicate clearly and precisely the title, number, price and section of each item ordered.

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146-20, 147-20, 148-20, 149-20, 150-20, 151-20, 152-20, 153-20, 154-20, 155-20, 156-20, 157-20, 158-20, 159-20, 160-20, 161-20, 162-20, 163-20, 164-20, 165-20, 166-20, 167-20, 168-20, 169-20, 170-20, 171-20, 172-20, 173-20, 174-20, 175-20, 176-20, 177-20, 178-20, 179-20, 180-20, 181-20, 182-20, 183-20, 184-20, 185-20, 186-20, 187-20, 188-20, 189-20, 190-20, 191-20, 192-20, 193-20, 194-20, 195-20, 196-20, 197-20, 198-20, 199-20, 200-20, 201-20, 202-20, 203-20, 204-20, 205-20, 206-20, 207-20, 208-20, 209-20, 210-20, 211-20, 212-20, 213-20, 214-20, 215-20, 216-20, 217-20, 218-20, 219-20, 220-20, 221-20, 222-20, 223-20, 224-20, 225-20, 226-20, 227-20, 228-20, 229-20, 230-20, 231-20, 232-20, 233-20, 234-20, 235-20, 236-20, 237-20, 238-20, 239-20, 240-20, 241-20, 242-20, 243-20, 244-20, 245-20, 246-20, 247-20, 248-20, 249-20, 250-20, 251-20, 252-20, 253-20, 254-20, 255-20, 256-20, 257-20, 258-20, 259-20, 260-20, 261-20, 262-20, 263-20, 264-20, 265-20, 266-20, 267-20, 268-20, 269-20, 270-20, 271-20, 272-20, 273-20, 274-20, 275-20, 276-20, 277-20, 278-20, 279-20, 280-20, 281-20, 282-20, 283-20, 284-20, 285-20, 286-20, 287-20, 288-20, 289-20, 290-20, 291-20, 292-20, 293-20, 294-20, 295-20, 296-20, 297-20, 298-20, 299-20, 300-20, 301-20, 302-20, 303-20, 304-20, 305-20, 306-20, 307-20, 308-20, 309-20, 310-20, 311-20, 312-20, 313-20, 314-20, 315-20, 316-20, 317-20, 318-20, 319-20, 320-20, 321-20, 322-20, 323-20, 324-20, 325-20, 326-20, 327-20, 328-20, 329-20, 330-20, 331-20, 332-20, 333-20, 334-20, 335-20, 336-20, 337-20, 338-20, 339-20, 340-20, 341-20, 342-20, 343-20, 344-20, 345-20, 346-20, 347-20, 348-20, 349-20, 350-20, 351-20, 352-20, 353-20, 354-20, 355-20, 356-20, 357-20, 358-20, 359-20, 360-20, 361-20, 362-20, 363-20, 364-20, 365-20, 366-20, 367-20, 368-20, 369-20, 370-20, 371-20, 372-20, 373-20, 374-20, 375-20, 376-20, 377-20, 378-20, 379-20, 380-20, 381-20, 382-20, 383-20, 384-20, 385-20, 386-20, 387-20, 388-20, 389-20, 390-20, 391-20, 392-20, 393-20, 394-20, 395-20, 396-20, 397-20, 398-20, 399-20, 400-20, 401-20, 402-20, 403-20, 404-20, 405-20, 406-20, 407-20, 408-20, 409-20, 410-20, 411-20, 412-20, 413-20, 414-20, 415-20, 416-20, 417-20, 418-20, 419-20, 420-20, 421-20, 422-20, 423-20, 424-20, 425-20, 426-20, 427-20, 428-20, 429-20, 430-20, 431-20, 432-20, 433-20, 434-20, 435-20, 436-20, 437-20, 438-20, 439-20, 440-20, 441-20, 442-20, 443-20, 444-20, 445-20, 446-20, 447-20, 448-20, 449-20, 450-20, 451-20, 452-20, 453-20, 454-20, 455-20, 456-20, 457-20, 458-20, 459-20, 460-20, 461-20, 462-20, 463-20, 464-20, 465-20, 466-20, 467-20, 468-20, 469-20, 470-20, 471-20, 472-20, 473-20, 474-20, 475-20, 476-20, 477-20, 478-20, 479-20, 480-20, 481-20, 482-20, 483-20, 484-20, 485-20, 486-20, 487-20, 488-20, 489-20, 490-20, 491-20, 492-20, 493-20, 494-20, 495-20, 496-20, 497-20, 498-20, 499-20, 500-20, 501-20, 502-20, 503-20, 504-20, 505-20, 506-20, 507-20, 508-20, 509-20, 510-20, 511-20, 512-20, 513-20, 514-20, 515-20, 516-20, 517-20, 518-20, 519-20, 520-20, 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896-20, 897-20, 898-20, 899-20, 900-20, 901-20, 902-20, 903-20, 904-20, 905-20, 906-20, 907-20, 908-20, 909-20, 910-20, 911-20, 912-20, 913-20, 914-20, 915-20, 916-20, 917-20, 918-20, 919-20, 920-20, 921-20, 922-20, 923-20, 924-20, 925-20, 926-20, 927-20, 928-20, 929-20, 930-20, 931-20, 932-20, 933-20, 934-20, 935-20, 936-20, 937-20, 938-20, 939-20, 940-20, 941-20, 942-20, 943-20, 944-20, 945-20, 946-20, 947-20, 948-20, 949-20, 950-20, 951-20, 952-20, 953-20, 954-20, 955-20, 956-20, 957-20, 958-20, 959-20, 960-20, 961-20, 962-20, 963-20, 964-20, 965-20, 966-20, 967-20, 968-20, 969-20, 970-20, 971-20, 972-20, 973-20, 974-20, 975-20, 976-20, 977-20, 978-20, 979-20, 980-20, 981-20, 982-20, 983-20, 984-20, 985-20, 986-20, 987-20, 988-20, 989-20, 990-20, 991-20, 992-20, 993-20, 994-20, 995-20, 996-20, 997-20, 998-20, 999-20, 1000-20, 1001-20, 1002-20, 1003-20, 1004-20, 1005-20, 1006-20, 1007-20, 1008-20, 1009-20, 1010-20, 1011-20, 1012-20, 1013-20, 1014-20, 1015-20, 1016-20, 1017-20, 1018-20, 1019-20, 1020-20, 1021-20, 1022-20, 1023-20, 1024-20, 1025-20, 1026-20, 1027-20, 1028-20, 1029-20, 1030-20, 1031-20, 1032-20, 1033-20, 1034-20, 1035-20, 1036-20, 1037-20, 1038-20, 1039-20, 1040-20, 1041-20, 1042-20, 1043-20, 1044-20, 1045-20, 1046-20, 1047-20, 1048-20, 1049-20, 1050-20, 1051-20, 1052-20, 1053-20, 1054-20, 1055-20, 1056-20, 1057-20, 1058-20, 1059-20, 1060-20, 1061-20, 1062-20, 1063-20, 1064-20, 1065-20, 1066-20, 1067-20, 1068-20, 1069-20, 1070-20, 1071-20, 1072-20, 1073-20, 1074-20, 1075-20, 1076-20, 1077-20, 1078-20, 1079-20, 1080-20, 1081-20, 1082-20, 1083-20, 1084-20, 1085-20, 1086-20, 1087-20, 1088-20, 1089-20, 1090-20, 1091-20, 1092-20, 1093-20, 1094-20, 1095-20, 1096-20, 1097-20, 1098-20, 1099-20, 1100-20, 1101-20, 1102-20, 1103-20, 1104-20, 1105-20, 1106-20, 1107-20, 1108-20, 1109-20, 1110-20, 1111-20, 1112-20, 1113-20, 1114-20, 1115-20, 1116-20, 1117-20, 1118-20, 1119-20, 1120-20, 1121-20, 1122-20, 1123-20, 1124-20, 1125-20, 1126-20, 1127-20, 1128-20, 1129-20, 1130-20, 1131-20, 1132-20, 1133-20, 1134-20, 1135-20, 1136-20, 1137-20, 1138-20, 1139-20, 1140-20, 1141-20, 1142-20, 1143-20, 1144-20, 1145-20, 1146-20, 1147-20, 1148-20, 1149-20, 1150-20, 1151-20, 1152-20, 1153-20, 1154-20, 1155-20, 1156-20, 1157-20, 1158-20, 1159-20, 1160-20, 1161-20, 1162-20, 1163-20, 1164-20, 1165-20, 1166-20, 1167-20, 1168-20, 1169-20, 1170-20, 1171-20, 1172-20, 1173-20, 1174-20, 1175-20, 1176-20, 1177-20, 1178-20, 1179-20, 1180-20, 1181-20, 1182-20, 1183-20, 1184-20, 1185-20, 1186-20, 1187-20, 1188-20, 1189-20, 1190-20, 1191-20, 1192-20, 1193-20, 1194-20, 1195-20, 1196-20, 1197-20, 1198-20, 1199-20, 1200-20, 1201-20, 1202-20, 1203-20, 1204-20, 1205-20, 1206-20, 1207-20, 1208-20, 1209-20, 1210-20, 1211-20, 1212-20, 1213-20, 1214-20, 1215-20, 1216-20, 1217-20, 1218-20, 1219-20, 1220-20, 1221-20, 1222-20, 1223-20, 1224-20, 1225-20, 1226-20, 1227-20, 1228-20, 1229-20, 1230-20, 1231-20, 1232-20, 1233-20, 1234-20, 1235-20, 1236-20, 1237-20, 1238-20, 1239-20, 1240-20, 1241-20, 1242-20, 1243-20, 1244-20, 1245-20, 1246-20, 1247-20, 1248-20, 1249-20, 1250-20, 1251-20, 1252-20, 1253-20, 1254-20, 1255-20, 1256-20, 1257-20, 1258-20, 1259-20, 1260-20, 1261-20, 1262-20, 1263-20, 1264-20, 1265-20, 1266-20, 1267-20, 1268-20, 1269-20, 1270-20, 1271-20, 1272-20, 1273-20, 1274-20, 1275-20, 1276-20, 1277-20, 1278-20, 1279-20, 1280-20, 1281-20, 1282-20, 1283-20, 1284-20, 1285-20, 1286-20, 1287-20, 1288-20, 1289-20, 1290-20, 1291-20, 1292-20, 1293-20, 1294-20, 1295-20, 1296-20, 1297-20, 1298-20, 1299-20, 1300-20, 1301-20, 1302-20, 1303-20, 1304-20, 1305-20, 1306-20, 1307-20, 1308-20, 1309-20, 1310-20, 1311-20, 1312-20, 1313-20, 1314-20, 1315-20, 1316-20, 1317-20, 1318-



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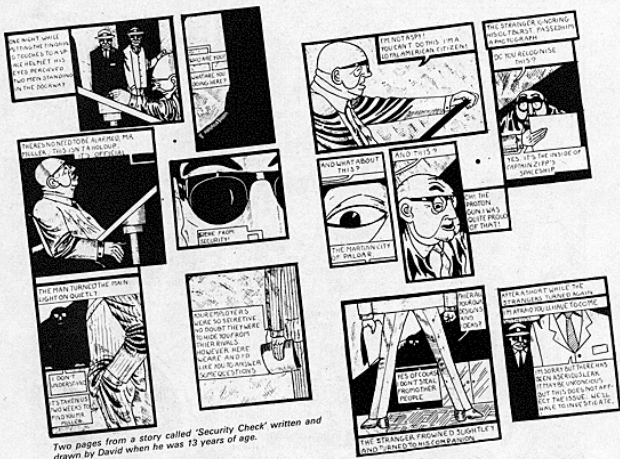
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Two pages from a story called 'Security Check' written and drawn by David when he was 13 years of age.

DAVID LLOYD

David has been drawing strips for his own pleasure since 1963 — when he was aged thirteen. His first serious attempt to make money in this field came in 1972, when he tried unsuccessfully to sell some ideas for newspaper strips.

His break came in 1975, when he drew a strip for *The Magician* annual, which he considers a financial success but a creative disaster. He went on to create more satisfying work with a strip called "Halgar" for the fantasy and wargames magazine, *White Dwarf*.

He then went on to render annuals of Dick Barton and Logan's Run, "Quartermass II" for *Halls of Horror*, "Kojak" and "The Hicktail Kid" for *TV Comic*, "Night Raven" and "Hulk" for *The Hulk Weekly* and various backup strips for *Doctor Who Weekly*. He has also created annuals for "The Hulk" and "The Hardy Boys/Nancy Drew" characters.

David's primary ambition is to continue working in strips, improve as an artist and work with top quality script writers. His secondary ambition is to create a 'pure' strip adventure serial — one which would depend entirely on dialogue and pictorial content to relate the course of events.

He is presently working on *V For Vendetta* in *Warrior*.



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HIGH ABOVE THE BUSTLING CANYONS OF MANHATTAN THIS COOL MARCH EVENING, THE NOISE OF RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC IS ONLY A DISTANT ECHO...

A SOLITARY, RED-CLAD FIGURE SLIDES EFFORTLESSLY AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY, UNSEEN, UNHEEDED, HIS THOUGHTS GRIM--

I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T HEARD FROM THAT INFORMER! HIS STORY DESTROYED MY PLANS FOR A PLEASANT EVENING WITH NATASHA!

JOIN HIM, IF YOU DARE, BUT BE WARNED: NOTHING ESCAPES THE--

BUT BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE--

ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS

-- NOT EVEN DAREDEVIL...

ROGER MCKENZIE & FRANK MILLER
SCRIPT / CO-PLOTTERS / PENCILS

KLAUS JANSON
INKS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERING

DENNY O'NEIL
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WELCOME TO JOSIE'S, A SMALL, SLEAZY BAR...

... FILLED WITH SMALL, SLEAZY MEN.

PIKE, YOU'RE SLOWER'N A ONE-ARMED GRAVEDIGGER.

YOU GONNA SHOOT OR NOT?

BETTER'N THAT, DUNDEE. I'M FLAT OUT GONNA RUN THE TABLE!

ONE PARTICULARLY SLEAZY SPECIMEN IS JOSIE'S "WALL-EYED" PIKE, A SECOND-RATE SECOND-STORY OPERATOR... NUMBERS RUNNER...

... AND OCCASIONAL POOL HUSTLER.

SPAK

EIGHT BALL INNA CORNER POCKET!

SPEAKING OF EIGHT BALLS...

... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, PIKE.

HUH--? WHAZZAT? WHO'S THE WISE GUY?

A SHIPMENT OF ADAMANTIUM WAS STOLEN FROM A PITTSBURGH POUNDRY LAST WEEK.

I HEARD IT'S BEING SMUGGLED INTO NEW YORK, AND WORD ON THE STREET SAYS YOU' DEAL IN SMUGGLED GOODS.

ESPECIALLY WHEN THOSE GOODS HAPPEN TO BE A METAL ALLOY THAT'S A HUNDRED TIMES MORE PRECIOUS THAN DIAMONDS... AND A THOUSAND TIMES HARDER.

BETTER PLAY BALL WITH ME, PIKE. ADAMANTIUM'S INDESTRUCTIBLE. YOU'RE NOT.

S-SURE... JUST TAKE IT EASY! GIMME TIME TO THINK!

QUIT STALLING, PIKE. I WANT ANSWERS... NOT A KNIFE IN THE BACK.

ANYWAY YOU CUT IT, EIGHT BALL...



THEN, LIKE A MAN POSSESSED HE
THROWS CAUTION-- AND HIMSELF--
TO THE WIND...

...SENSING, RATHER THAN
SEEING, THE STREETS OF
NEW YORK FAR BELOW.

PIKE NEVER HAD THE BRAINS
TO COME IN OUT OF THE
RAIN, MUCH LESS TO PLAN
A JOB LIKE THE ADAMANTUM
HEIST ALONE.

SO I LET HIM ESCAPE,
EXPECTING HIM TO
LEAD ME TO HIS
ACCOMPLICES.

BUT I NEVER
EXPECTED ANYTHING
LIKE THIS.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
GLENN
INDUSTRIES
IS KNOWINGLY
INVOLVED IN
ANYTHING
ILLEGAL.

ESPECIALLY
SINCE HEATHER
GLENN JUST
HAPPENS TO BE
THE CHAIRMAN
OF THE BOARD...

...AND THE
WOMAN I
ONCE
THOUGHT
I'D MARRY...



BUT ONE THING'S
FOR SURE. IF
SOMETHING'S WRONG
I'M GOING TO GET
TO THE BOTTOM
OF IT...

MEANWHILE, AT GLENN INDUSTRIES'
MIDTOWN OFFICES...

GENTLEMEN, WE'VE
GOT TO TURN
GLENN INDUSTRIES
AROUND.

WE'VE BEEN
OPERATING IN THE RED
SINCE MAXWELL GLENN'S
DEATH. WE'RE NEARLY BANKRUPT.

BUT NOW I
HAVE A CLIENT
WHO'S WILLING--
AND ABLE-- TO
LIFT US OUT OF
OUR PRESENT
DILEMMA!

WHO IS THIS
CLIENT OF YOURS,
MR. TUBBS?

WHAT
DOES HE
WANT?

HIS IDENTITY
ISN'T IMPORTANT,
J. B.

BUT HIS
WANTS ARE
SIMPLE.

HE WISHES TO PURCHASE
OUR JERSEY ELECTRONICS
PLANT, AND HE'S WILLING
TO PAY US ENOUGH TO
REMAIN SOLVENT UNTIL--

MISTER
TUBBS? WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS?

WHY WASN'T
I INFORMED OF
THIS BOARD
MEETING?

MISS GLENN, WE ALL
KNOW HOW HARD YOU'VE
BEEN WORKING SINCE
YOUR FATHER DIED.

AND WE JUST WANTED TO
WANTED TO SPARE YOU
NEEDLESS WORRY OVER
ROUTINE BUSINESS MATTERS.



--CRUIES FIRST REVEALED
BY MATTHEW MURDOCK...
THE BLIND ATTORNEY SHE
HAD COME TO LOVE--

MR. GLENN,
I'D LIKE TO
CHECK YOUR
COMPANY
RECORDS!



--THE MAN SHE KNEW
WAS DAREDEVIL--

I'VE UNCOVERED
EVIDENCE OF
A RAPE, MISS
GLENN.



NO ONE KNEW
THAT GLENN WAS
THE VICTIM OF
THE PURPLE MAN
WHOSE MENTAL
POWERS HAD
TRADED HER
FATHER...



I'M GUILTY.
I MUST DO.
THERE'S JUST
NO OTHER
ANSWER, BUT
WHY DID I DO
IT? WHY I IS
ONLY I COULD
REMEMBER...
BUT I CAN'T.

THEN YOU
LEAVE ME
NO CHOICE.



LATER, DAREDEVIL
TRIED TO PROVE
GLENN'S INNOCENCE
BUT COULDN'T--
NOT WITHOUT
REVEALING HIS
SECRET IDENTITY.



FINALLY, IN UTTER
DESPERATION
MAXWELL GLENN
TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.



HEATHER,
PLEASE, LET
ME HELP
YOU...

HELP? YOU
DESTROYED DAD,
BUT YOU WON'T
DESTROY EVERY-
THING HE
WORKED FOR!



GET OUT
OF HERE!
JUST...
GET
OUT...!



HEATHER,
DON'T...





AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING FINDS MATT'S BEST FRIEND AND LAW PARTNER, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON, RUSHING TO THEIR DOWNTOWN STOCKBROKER OFFICES...



...HIS MIND'S ON ANYTHING BUT WORK...



GOT IT JUST FOR MY WEDDING NEXT WEEK.



THE LATEST IN TUKEDOES.



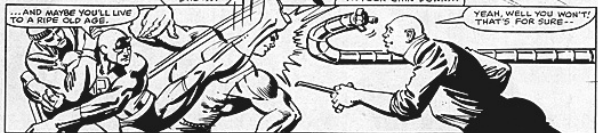
MEANWHILE, AT GLENN INDUSTRIES...



I'M GLAD I COOLED OFF AND DECIDED TO GO OVER THESE RECORDS LIKE MATT SUGGESTED.







HIS NAME IS OTTO OCTAVIUS AND ONCE, YEARS AGO, HE WAS A RENOWNED NUCLEAR PHYSICIST...

...UNTIL A TRAGIC ACCIDENT CHANGED HIM INTO SOMETHING OTHER THAN HUMAN.

NOW HE IS KNOWN AS DOCTOR OCTOPUS, AND HE IS INSANE... A DEADLY MADMAN WHO SLITHERS FROM THE INKY DARKNESS AND STRIKES AS SWIFTLY AND SAVAGELY AS HIS NAMESAKE...

FOOLS! CRETINS! THE ADAMANTIUM BELONGS TO ME!

INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS AND YOU WILL SURELY DIE!



STRUGGLE, DARE-DEVIL--!



IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD.



YOU ARE A WORSE NUISANCE THAN THAT ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN--

--AND I WILL NOT BROOK NUISANCES!
OH, NO--
I DESTROY THEM!



TOO LATE YOU LEARN NO MAN IS A MATCH FOR DOCTOR OCTOPUS

NOT EVEN SPIDER-MAN! HE HAS DEFEATED ME IN THE PAST, BUT THAT WILL SOON CHANGE!

ARMS...
TOO STRONG...
CRUSHING ME...
CAN'T BREAK
FREE...



A MINUTE PASSES...
TWO... THREE...
THEN SLOWLY THE
MECHANICAL LIMBS
OF DOCTOR
OCTOPUS RELEASE
THEIR DEATH-GRIP
ON DAREDEVIL...



SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS
DOWN RIVER...

WHAT COULD'A HAPPENED
HERE TONIGHT ANYWAY?

PIER FOURTEEN'S A WRECK AND
WE GOT SEVEN BATTERED THUGS!

THERE'S
YOUR ANSWER--
FLOATING IN
THE WATER.

IT'S DAREDEVIL.

I THINK
HE'S DEAD,
SIR.

LIEUTENANT...

...CALL
THE
MORGUE...

EASY. JUST
TAKE IT EASY.

OCTOPUS
MADE ONE
MISTAKE.
HE GAVE
ME A
SECOND
CHANCE.

THE UNDER-
WORLD
CALLS HIM
A DEVIL.

NOW I
KNOW
WHY.

I
CAN'T...

KO!
KO!

SOON...

GLENN INDUSTRIES
RESEARCH--DEVELOPMENT
SUTTON, NEW JERSEY

HOW YOU KNOW WHY THAT
ADAMANTIUM SHIPMENT WAS
SO VITAL TO MY PLANS, MY
DEAR MISS GLENN...

...AND WHY THE
RESOURCES OF
YOUR LITTLE LAB
WERE SO CRUCIAL.

WITHOUT THEM, I COULD
NOT HAVE FASHIONED
MY NEW ARMS.

ADAMANTIUM ARMS, MISS GLENN, EVERY BIT AS
INDESTRUCTIBLE AS THE MAN THAT WILL
SOON WEAR THEM!

YOU'RE
INSANE...!

INSANITY, MY DEAR MISS GLENN, IS FOR LESSER MEN! WEAKER MEN! MEN LIKE DAREDEVIL AND THAT ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN!

HOW I DESPISE THE SOUND OF THAT VERY NAME! I WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL WHEN LAST WE MET...

"I... HAD NOT A TRAGIC MIS-CARRIAGE OF JUSTICE ALLOWED THAT FOOL TO ELUDE ME AND SENT ME, HOPELESSLY CAUGHT ON THE HATCH OF A RAPIDLY SINKING SUB-MARINE, TO MY APPARENT DEATH..."

"BUT DID I SAY HOPELESS? NOTHING IS HOPELESS TO DOCTOR OCTOPUS! NOTHING!"

"I WRAPPED A TENTACLE TIGHTLY AROUND MY PINIONED ARM AND TUGGED WITH ALL THE POWER IN MY POSSESSION!"

"IT WAS MY INTENT TO RIP THE HULL OF THE SHIP TO STEEL SKELEDS AND FREE MYSELF..."

"...BUT MY ARM COULDN'T STAND THE STRAIN!"

"YOU CAN NOT BEGIN TO IMAGINE THE OVERWHELMING PAIN THAT FLOODED THROUGH ME THEN! I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS..."

"...BUT MY REMAINING ARMS, ACTING ON MY LAST, DESPERATE, MENTAL COMMAND, LIFTED ME FROM MY WATERY GRAVE!"

"LATER I RETRIEVED MY DAMAGED APPENDAGE, BUT AS I SET ABOUT TO REPAIR IT I HAD AN EVEN BETTER IDEA!"

AND TONIGHT YOU HAVE WITNESSED THE FRUIT OF THAT PLAN..."

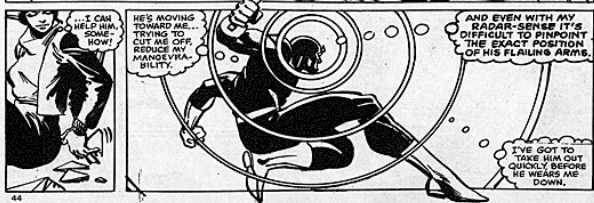
...WHICH PRESENTS ME WITH A PROBLEM, YOU KNOW FAR, FAR TOO MUCH, MY DEAR!

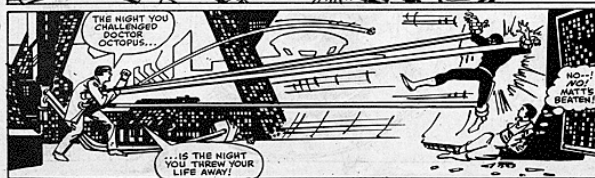
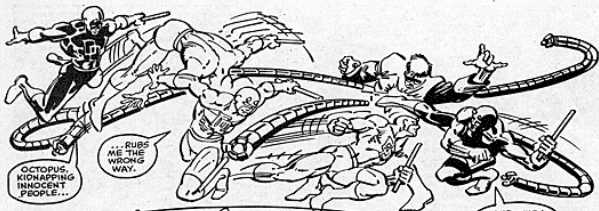
THEREFORE, REGRETTABLY, I HAVE LITTLE CHOICE BUT TO KIL-

EH--? THE LIGHTS!

UNDOUBTEDLY A MINOR ELECTRONIC MALFUNCTION

I HAVE BUT TO SWITCH ON THE AUXILIARY POWER, AND NOW, MY DEAR, REGARDING YOUR DEATH...







I HAVE
HAD
ENOUGH
OF YOUR
INSULTS!
DO YOU
HEAR
ME?

I
HAVE
HAD
ENOUGH!

I HAVEN'T BEGUN
INSULTING YOU, FAT BOY!
IT WORKED, HE'S NOT
LOOKING-- JUST SWINGING!





DAILY NEWS

BLACK WIDOW LEAVES NY

'Nothing To Keep Me Here,' says *Natasha Romanoff*



New York City lost a heroine today as *Natasha Romanoff* returned to her native Russia. Ms. Romanoff, better known as *The Black Widow*, has lived in this country for the past several years.

The dark-haired beauty was elusive when asked for the reason behind her decision. "There's just no point in remaining," she told reporters. "I have nothing to keep me here."

She declined to elaborate.

Ms. Romanoff is a heroine known as the Black Widow. She has lived in this country for the past several years.

THE WEDDING OF FOGGY NELSON... AND THE RETURN OF...

THE GLADIATOR!

IT HAS BEEN TWENTY YEARS SINCE THE SALLIFREYANS CONQUERED TIME. TWENTY YEARS SINCE RASSILON DEFEATED FENRIS THE HELLBRINGER. MASTER SABOTEUR FROM THE FUTURE...

FENRIS HAD BEEN SENT TO DESTROY THE TIME-LOCKS. INSTEAD, HE DOOMED HIMSELF TO THE ETERNAL AGONY OF THE TIME VORTEX.

THE HELLBRINGER'S PASSING LEFT MANY QUESTIONS UNANSWERED WHO HAD HIRED HIM? AND WHY? TWENTY YEARS AGO THE TIMELORDS BANISHED FENRIS TO THE ZONE OF NO RETURN...

TODAY, THEY HAVE TO BRING HIM BACK!

ED WAR



REMA-DU! YOU'RE LATE, CHILD...

DON'T BLAME ME, FATHER. YOU DESIGNED THE SECURITY SYSTEM.

WHERE'S MOTHER?



LADY JODELEX IS WAITING AT THE VOIDMOUTH WITH YOUR ESCORT. WE MUST HURRY IF WE ARE TO REMAIN ON SCHEDULE.

I'VE TRAINED FOR TEN YEARS TO RETRIEVE THE HELLBRINGER. FATHER, I COULD TEN MINUTES WILL MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE.

WHO IS MY ESCORT?



YOUR ESCORT IS ONE OF THE SPECIAL EXECUTIVE. A PARAHUMAN. HIS JOB IS TO MAKE THE GRAB. YOURS IS TO GET THEM BOTH OUT ALIVE.

I THINK YOU'LL LIKE HIM. HIS LOOKS ARE A TRIFLE...AHH...UNORTHODOX BUT ON THE WHOLE HE'S A CHARMING SORT OF FELLOW.

LET'S HOPE SO. MOST OF THE SPECIAL EXECUTIVE GIVE ME THE CREEPS...



AHH, HERE AT LAST! I BELIEVE YOU'VE MET MY HUSBAND, LORD GRIFFIN. THE UNDERNOURISHED YOUNG LADY WITH HIM IS OUR DAUGHTER, REMA-DU.

SHE IS EVERY BIT AS EXQUISITE AS HER MOTHER, MY LADY...

I'M TOO OLD FOR FLATTERY, WARDON. REMA-DU... COME AND SAY HELLO TO YOUR ESCORT!

...THIS IS
WARDOG.

I'M HONoured
TO MAKE YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE,
MR. WARTHOG. MY
FATHER TELLS ME
YOU'RE A VERY POPULAR
PERSON

IF THE PLEASANTRIES
ARE OVER I SUGGEST
YOU BOTH PUT ON YOUR
HEAD-BUBBLES AND TAKE
YOUR POSITIONS BY THE
VOID-MOUTH...

LORD GRIFFEN
AND I WILL OPEN
THE ADVENTURE TO
ADMIT YOU, AFTER
THAT...

I CAN DO IT
MYSELF
THANKYOU!

"...YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!"

DESPAIR
OF THE GODS!
IT'S...IT'S...

ISN'T IT?

THE NAME
IS WARDOG.
MY LADY...

AND YES, I
THINK IT'S FAIR
TO SAY THAT I HAVE
VERY FEW LIVING
ENEMIES

THE GUARD-GATE VANISHES AROUND THEM, AND
THEN THERE IS ONLY THE CRACKLING CHAOS
OF RAW TIME!

I-IT'S
STUNNING!!
HOW WAS FENRIS
MANAGED TO SURVIVE
TWENTY YEARS
OF THIS?

HE HASN'T.
OUR SCIENTISTS
THINK HE'S BEEN
BROKEN INTO TINY
SPLINTERS SPREAD
FROM ONE END OF
TIME TO THE
OTHER...

TINY
LIVING
SPLINTERS

...BUT IF FENRIS
IS IN THAT CONDITION,
THAT MEANS YOU'LL
HAVE TO ASSUME THE
SAME STATE TO
GET HIM OUT!

QUITE. THE
PROSPECT SCARES
THE STAGELLA
OUT OF ME...

AND SPEAKING
OF THE
HELLBRINGER...

I THINK
WE'VE FOUND
HIM!

PLEASE
REMAIN WHERE
YOU ARE, MY
LADY...

I'M
GOING
IN!!

WARDOG!!

WARDOG WAS CHOSEN
BECAUSE OF HIS MIND.
IT'S DIFFERENT. IT CAN
STAND STRESSES THAT
WOULD REDUCE OTHERS TO
INSANITY, BUT THIS
HURTS...

THIS HURTS WORSE
THAN ANYTHING!!

BUT EVENTUALLY...

WARDOS!
YOU MADE IT!
YOU'RE
ALIVE!

AM I? HOW
GRATIFYING!

LOOK, I
HATE TO BE A
WET BLANKET ON
OUR FIRST EVENING
OUT TOGETHER...

INSTRUCT THE
CASTELLAN TO PRE-
PARE THE BRAINFEELE.
THE PRYDONIAN
CHAPTER WILL CONVENE
IN THE QUESTION-HALL...

"...BUT COULD YOU PLEASE
TAKE ME HOME?"

THEY'RE
COMING
OUT!

"...IMMEDIATELY!"

FELLOW
CHRONARCHS...
I BRING GOOD NEWS.
OUR FIELD AGENTS
HAVE RETRIEVED
THE HELL-
BRINGER.

EVEN NOW
OUR BRAIN-
FEELE IS SEARCHING
THROUGH HIS RUINED
MIND FOR THE
ANSWERS TO OUR
QUESTIONS...

WE ARE FIGHTING
A TIMEWAR, COMRADES.
A WAR IN FOUR DIMENSIONS.
A WAR WHICH ON OUR
TIMELINE HASN'T EVEN
STARTED YET!

OUR ENEMY IS
IN THE FUTURE. WE
MUST KNOW HIS
IDENTITY, HIS REASON
FOR HATING US... WE
MUST KNOW HIS
WEAKNESSES!!

THE
PROBE WILL
NOW BEGIN.

"...THE ORDER OF THE BLACK SUN!!"

LOOK...
MATERIALIZING
ABOVE THE STAGE!!
WHAT IN ETERNITY
ARE THEY?

THE BRAINFEELE'S
GOING TO WORK. DO YOU
THINK HE'LL BE ABLE TO
UNEARTH THE KNOW-
LEDGE THAT WE
NEED?

WE SHOULD.
HE'S ONE OF THE
SPECIAL EXEC....
NAME'S VIRIDIAN.
HE'S GOOD

SKILLFULLY, THE PSYCHIC'S
MENTAL FINGERS PICK AMONG
THE BRIGHT, SHATTERED
FRAGMENTS OF THE SABOTEUR'S
MIND...

...THE KEY
IMAGES ARE
FORMING... OUR
ENEMIES ARE FROM
THIRTY THOUSAND
YEARS HENCE... THEY
ARE A CADRE OF
SUPERMEN...

...THEY
ARE
CALLED...

ANSWER: THEY'RE HOSTILE!!

LLOREX?
CANCEL FENRIS!
I'LL SILENCE THE
BRAINFEELER.

THEY'RE
KILLING FENRIS
AND VIRIDIAN!!

HIT
THEM
REMA!!

BUT...

RRRRAAA-
AAGHHH!!

WARDOG!

FARU-FARD!
THE GIRL SHE
CANCELLED
LLOREX!

NO MATTER,
DRIN, OPERATION
COMPLETE.
PHASE OUT.

THERE IS THE SOUND
OF IMPLODING AIR
AS THE INTRUDERS
VANISH, THEN ONLY
THE SOFT MOANS
OF THE WOUNDED.
THE ATTACK LASTED
THIRTY SECONDS.

GREAT GODS
WARDOG! THEY'VE
DESTROYED
YOUR ARM!

BOTH VIRIDIAN
AND THE HELL-
BRINGER ARE DEAD.
MY LORD, ALSO NINE OF
THE CASTELLAN'S
STRIKE FORCE.

FIFTEEN
CASUALTIES.
MY LADY JOOLEX
IS ATTENDING
TO THEM

WHY, FATHER?
WHY DID THOSE
THINGS ATTACK
US? WE'VE DONE
NOTHING TO
PROVOKE THEM!
NOTHING!!

WE ARE
FIGHTING A 4-D
WAR, MY CHILD...
PERHAPS THEY ARE
PUNISHING US FOR
CRIMES WE HAVE
YET TO COMMIT!

FATHER,
THEY'VE KILLED
ELEVEN OF OUR NUMBER!
THEY'VE TAKEN WARDOG'S
ARM!! WE'VE DONE
NOTHING TO DESERVE
THAT!!

NOT YET,
MY DAUGHTER..

GREAT GOD,
MY LADY! DO
THEY HAVE!

THE SCARS
WILL LAST A
LIFETIME!

...NOT YET

TIK TAK TIK TAK TIK TAK TIK
END.

COMIC MART

COMIC MART

COMIC MART

COMIC MART

Name: Luke Williams
Address: 33 Houlton Road, Mansfield, Notts, NG18 2DG.

Offering: (*British Weeklies*) Team-Up 1, 4-7, 9, 13, 14, 17, 20, 21; Future Tense 1, 2, 13-20, 22-30, 32, 34, 35; Captain America 3-10, 12, 15-17, 19-24, 26-36, 37 (1st Glossy cover) 38, 40, 41, 43, 44, 46, 47, 49-52, 56, 58; Marvel Super Adventure 1-7, 9, 11; Marvel Action 1, 2, 3; SHTU 440, 399-401, 435, 437, 445, 376-394; (*UK Monthlies*) Future Tense 36-38; Marvel Superheroes 367, 371, 374, 375, 378, 388, 389; Blockbuster 1, 2, 3, 5; (PB) Titans 1, 4-13; Spider-Man 12; FF 14, 15, 28; (*Summer Specials*) Spider-Man 1981; (*US Monthlies*) MT10 74, 76, 77, 82, 86; Thor 301, 306; Human Fly 17; Avengers 201, 207, 210; Captain America 243, 250, 256, 258; Iron Man 140, 160; M. Super Action 33-36 (Avengers); Micro-nauts 41; Moon Knight 13, 22; Tales to Astonish 11, 14 (Sub Mariner)

Wanted: (BM) Dr. Who 2, 6; Rampage 1-30, 32-34, 37, 40; Savage Action 3-6, 8-up; (PB) Star Heroes 2, 9; (*US Monthlies*) Defenders 92, 93, 95, 98; Daredevils 166, 168, 169, 176-178, 183; X-Men 94-136, 137, 142, 149; Dazzler 1, 2, 3, 6-10, 12.

(Please phone for verification of issues — thanks)

Name: Stephen Rowley
Address: 78 Hartcliffe Road, Knowle, Bristol, BS4 1HD.

Offering: (*All American Monthlies*) Human Fly 6, 9, 13, 17, 18, 19; 1968 Silver Surfer 2; Ms. Marvel 2, 5, 6, 8, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21; Defenders 37, 71, 72, 74, 76, 84, 87, 88, 23; Captain Marvel 58, 60, 61, 62; Black Panther 9, 11, 13, 14, 15; She Hulk 1, 2, 18, 24; Daredevil 53, 140, 153,

154, 156, 157, 158, 159, 164, 165, 166, 168; Marvel Premier 31, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 55, 56; Nova 3, 4, (all in very good condition).

Wanted: (*All American Monthlies* in very good condition), X-Men 112, 115, 118, 121, 122, 134, 135, 137, 147, 148, 154, 156, 157; Avengers 200. What IF Phoenix had not died!



Name: Paul Salisbury
Address: 208 West Park Ave, Ashton, Preston, Lancs PR2 1JT.

Offering: (*Winter, Specials*) Marvel Super Adventure; Valour 1981; Team Up '80; Occult '80; Spider-Man-Hulk '80; Blockbuster; Fantastic Four '81. (*Summer Specials*) Fantastic Four '82; Spider-Man '80; Rom '82; Captain Britain. (*British Monthlies*) Savage Action 2, 3, 5; Marvel Superheroes 379, 381, 383; Future Tense 37; Rampage X-Men 45. (*British Weeklies*) Future Tense 1, 2, 19, 21; Captain America 1, 2; Marvel Action 3; Forces in Combat 1-9, 11-37; (*Pocket Book*) Titans 4; (*US Monthlies*) Avengers 30, 202, 206; Thor 302, 313; Moon Knight 2, 6, 14, 19;

Spiderman 53, 66; Iron Man 141, 145; Rom 22, 30; FF 229; Powerman Iron Fist 68, 76, 81; Micro-nauts 28, 41; Ghost Rider 68, 71; Defenders 90; Invaders 21, 24; Master of Kung Fu 95; Sub Mariner 13; (*Annals*) Marvel Comics Annual.

Wanted: All Rampage X-Men except Nos 31, 33, 38, 45, 48 onwards.

Name: Stephen Hutton
Address: 22 Grimshall Road, Whitstable, Kent.

Offering: (*American Monthlies*) Marvel Two in One 84; Invaders 39; Defenders 83; Captain America 270; Avengers 195; (*UK Weeklies*) Dr. Who Weekly 37; Marvel Action 8; Future Tense 29; (*UK Monthlies*) Savage Action 5.

Wanted: Any Rampage Monthly between 1-29.

Name: Guy Haag
Address: 1, Rue de la Liberation, 57990 Hundling, France.

Offering: Every French issue of Marvel Super Heroes (Strange, Titans, Nova, Thor, Hulk, Conan, FF...)

Wanted: British special issues of any sort.

Name: Jim Watson
Address: 25 Spencer Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex.

Offering: (*UK Weeklies*) Complete sets of UK Fantastic Four Weekly and Captain Britain Weekly; Almost complete set of Planet of the Apes Weekly; Blockbuster 6, 8, 9; (*UK Monthly*) Epic 2, 5 (UK) Starburst 4, 6, 8, 11; All mags mint or nearly mint. **Wanted:** (*US Monthly*) Moon Knight 1-10, 13, 14, 16 and any U.S. X-Men mags. (Must be in good condition).

Name: Nick Kapalo
Address: The Horseshoes Inn, Dorrington, Nr Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Offering: (*US Marvels*) Nova 2-4, 7-8, 11, 16, 20-21; Avengers 155, 158, 165, 189, 199, 201, 203; Ghost Rider 41, 45, 47, 48. **Wanted:** (*US Marvels*) All 'Invaders' if possible. John Carter Warlord of Mars 1-25, 27.

P.S. All offers, and books required to be American monthlies.

Name: Darryl Gates
Address: 22 Haydon Rd, Oxhey, Watford, Herts. WD1 4DD.

Offering: (*US Monthlies*) Moon Knight 1, 16, 17; Hulk 258-264; Defenders 19, 78-82, 85, 94; Invaders 3, 18, 27, 32, 33; Dazzler 1-9. (*UK Weeklies*) Spider-Man 34, 50, 249-50; Titans 1; Marvel Super Adventure 1-3, 5, 6. **Wanted:** (*US Monthlies*) Daredevil 158-186; X-Men 127-133; Kazar 1-10; Black Panther 1-14.

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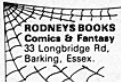
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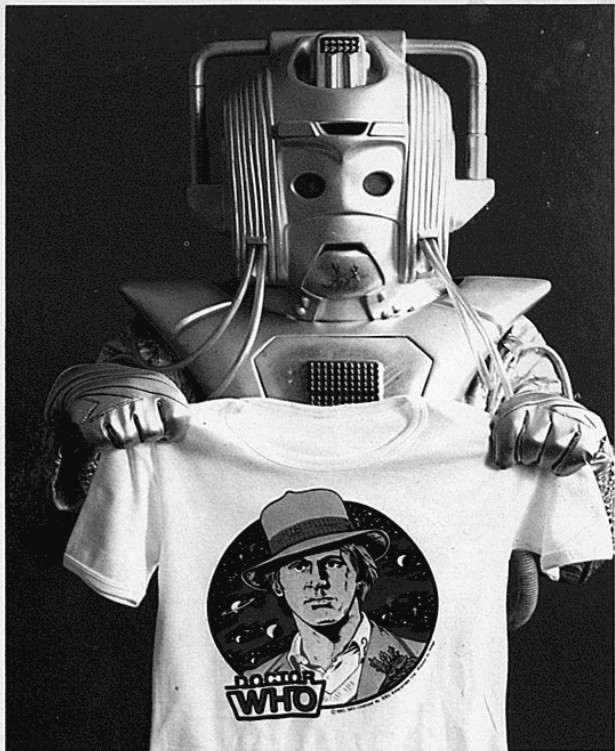
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